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resumed those works of peace which had been interrupted for nearly a century, and resolved to complete the painting of their far-famed cemetery, the Campo Santo. One whole side, the north wall, was yet untouched. They trusted the work to Benozzo Gozzoli, who, though now old (upwards of sixty, and worn with toil and trouble), did not hesitate to undertake a task which, to use Vasari's strong expression, was nothing less than "*terribilissima*," and enough "to frighten a whole legion of painters." In twenty-four compartments he represented the whole history of the Old Testament, from Noah down to King Solomon. The endless fertility of fancy and invention displayed in these compositions; the pastoral beauty of some of the scenes, the scriptural sublimity of others; the hundreds of figures introduced, many of them portraits of his own time; the dignity and beauty of the heads; the exquisite grace of some of the figures, almost equal to Raphael; the ample draperies, the gay, rich colors, the profusion of accessories, as buildings, landscapes, flowers, animals, and the care and exactness with which he has rendered the costume of that time—render this work of Benozzo one of the most extraordinary monuments of the fifteenth century. But it would have been more than extraordinary, it would have been *miraculous*, had it been executed in the space of two years, as Lanzi relates—trusting to a popular tradition, which a moment's reflection would have shown to be incredible. It appears, from authentic records still existing in the city of Pisa, that Benozzo was engaged on this great work not less than sixteen years, from 1468 to 1484.

Those who would form an idea of its immensity, considered as the work of one hand, may consult the large set of engravings from the Campo Santo, published by Lasinio in 1821.

The original frescoes are still in wonderful preservation. Three out of the twenty-four are almost entirely destroyed; the others have peeled off in some parts, but in general the expression of the features and the lucid harmony of the colors have remained. Each compartment contains many incidents and events artlessly grouped together. Thus we have Hagar's presumption, her castigation by Sarah, the visit of the three angels, &c., in one picture. Among the most beautiful subjects may be mentioned the Vineyard of Noah, the first which Benozzo painted as a trial of his skill. On the left of this composition are two female figures—one who comes tripping along with a basket of grapes on her head, the other holding up her basket for more—which are perfect models of pastoral grace and simplicity. In the building of the Tower of Babel, a crowd of spectators have assembled to witness the work; among them are introduced the figures of Cosmo de' Medici, the Father of his country, and his two grandsons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, with Poliziano and other personages, all in the costume of that time. In the Marriage Feast of Jacob and Rachel he has introduced two graceful dancing figures. In the Recognition of Joseph he has painted a profusion of rich architectural decoration—palaces, colonnades, balconies, and porticoes, in the style of the time; and in the distance we have, instead of the Egyptian Pyramids, a view of the Cathedral of Pisa!

Soon after the completion of the last compartment, the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon (of which, unhappily, scarce a fragment remains), Benozzo Gozzoli died, at Pisa, in his seventy-eighth year. The grateful and admiring Pisans,

among whom he had resided for sixteen years in great honor and esteem, had presented him, in the course of his work, with a vault or sepulchre just beneath the compartment which contains the history of Joseph; and in this spot he lies buried, with an inscription purporting that his best monument consists in the works around. Benozzo left an only daughter, who after his death inherited the modest little dwelling which he had purchased for himself on the Carraia di San Francesco.

Benozzo's principal works, being in fresco, remain attached to the walls on which they were painted. Those only of the Campo Santo are engraved. A picture in distemper of St. Thomas Aquinas is in the Louvre (No. 1033), and is the same mentioned by Vasari as having been painted for the Cathedral of Pisa.

[From the North American Review.]

#### PHILOSOPHY OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY ERNEST VON LASAULX,

A Druidical circle of rough stones, like the celebrated Stonehenge, is as truly a temple as the classic peristyle. It may consist of a mound of earth, a solitary column, or a high rock like that on the shores of Lake Winnipeg, which the aborigines were accustomed to crown with wreaths of leaves and flowers; they are all alike sacred offerings to the gods, the tree and the monolith, as well as

"Doric pillars,  
Cornice, and frieze, with bossy sculptures graven."

The Egyptian obelisk in Rome on whose granite sides are inscribed hieroglyphic hymns in praise of the sun, is as truly a temple as is the Basilica of St. John Lateran, before which it stands. The cavern, or the rude lodge of wattled saplings, in which the primitive man found protection against heat and cold, may be the origin of house-building; but it is the stone pillar or the hollow tree with the consecrated image in which we must seek the origin of temple-building, which is the source and genesis of all architecture.

Common usage applies the word *architecture* to every beautiful edifice; but there is essentially as much difference between temple-building and house-building, as there is between a moral and a meteorological necessity. In house-building everything is made subordinate to comfort and convenience. There may be displayed much mathematical knowledge and mechanical skill, but these do not raise it to the dignity of a fine art: it is still a handicraft. A house thus designed with inflexible reference to utility is no more architecture than a ship or a railroad. It may turn out to be beautiful, and so may the ship, which was built only to do service against wind and wave, or the steam-car, which moves wholly in obedience to mercenary impulses towards economical ends. The same movement of muscle may mould dough to make bread or clay to make statues, but how different is the spiritual process in each case. Architecture among the Greeks was never associated with the idea of use, and they made no pretensions to it in the construction of private dwellings. Athens was by no means a fine city like some of our modern ones, with whole streets of palaces occupied as the residences of private citizens. A stranger could have walked from the Piræus all through the lower town without imagining himself to be in the city which contained the greatest master-

pieces of architecture. He would observe these only as he approached the public square and the Acropolis. We learn from Herodotus (V. 62) how small and insignificant, according to our notions, were the houses in which men like Themistocles and Aristides lived. As luxury increased, dwellings were built on a larger scale, but even these made no claims to architectural beauty, and did not rank among works of art. Yet they were regarded by the public with suspicion. Such was the house of Midias, the Athenian millionaire, which he erected at Eleusis, and for which he was severely censured by Demosthenes. Architecture put to private uses would have been to the Grecian mind an ostentation bordering on impiety. It was employed solely and sacredly in the construction of temples till after the Persian war, when it was applied also to theatres, concert-halls, porticos, gymnasia, and public squares; but this too was a sacred use, inasmuch as all these places and edifices were dedicated to some divinity.

It is true that in the heroic age we discover a tendency to beautify the residences of princes and make them objects of art; such were the mansions of Menelaus and Alcinoüs as described in the fourth and seventh books of the *Odyssey*. But it must be remembered that these palaces were essentially palace-temples, and that with them was associated the idea of heroworship. Art can never develop itself freely when it comes in contact with utility. The Greeks scrupulously avoided this antagonism. The best house-builders in Athens would not have presumed to place themselves on a level with Ictinus and Kallikrates, the builders of the Parthenon. However great their constructive skill, they were still mechanics and not architects. Posterity did not treasure their names; they passed away and were forgotten with the cessation of those physical wants which it was their sole office to supply; whilst the memory of the architect remained as imperishable as the divine conceptions which he sought to express. Secular architecture grew up out of national decay and religious degradation. With the deification of the Roman Emperors certain parts of the temples were transferred to the imperial palaces. Julius Cæsar was the first man who adorned his house with a pediment, and even he was permitted to do it only by a special decree of the Senate. Thus gradually, and as it were under protest, began the decline of sacred architecture. The change advanced with the degeneracy of the people and the darkening of the religious consciousness. Columns were attached to the villas, and private dwellings were decorated with pilasters and rich entablatures. This desecration of the temple-style culminated in the famous "Golden House" of Nero, in the vestibule of which stood his own colossal statue one hundred and twenty feet high. The distinction between house and temple being thus broken up, sacred architecture became rapidly secularized in the midst of a vast material civilization, which seems almost to have deified roads, bridges, aqueducts, triumphal arches, the circus, and the Colosseum.

Gothic architecture also, in its origin, was devoted exclusively to the services of religion. The nobility and rich laity lived in rude habitations destitute of all artistic embellishments, at a time when the great cathedrals, with windows of gorgeous colors and carvings of exquisite beauty, were erected and consecrated to the Church. It was not ignorance of art, but a sense of its

sacredness, that lavished so much wealth and taste on the religious edifice, whilst the walls of the house were left bare. But with the rise of feudalism the castle began to adorn itself with the spoils of the cathedral, just as the palaces and villas of the Roman Emperors rivalled the temples in architectural grandeur, so soon as those Emperors usurped the attributes of deities.

Thus we find that all art originates in reverence of feeling, and aims at religious edification. It is typical, not transcriptive; and, like an alphabet, uses forms as signs of ideas, not as mere ornaments or imitations of things in nature. From this point of view, we appreciate at once its value as a permanent and impartial record of the human race. Every monument of art is an historical document. Temples and cathedrals are chronicles in stone, primitive books in which letters and syllables of marble are linked with words and phrases of granite into the gigantic combinations of thought. Such are Karnac and that Titanic plagiarism, St. Peter's, in which Michel Angelo piled the Pantheon on the Parthenon. The first letter in this early alphabet of architecture was a simple monolith, or perhaps a single stone set upright with a huge rock on the top forming a T. Such are the Cyclopean literatures of Asia and Europe, the most ancient monuments of Mexico and South America, and the prehistoric sculptured stones which the Druids have left scattered over the moors of Northumberland. Each was the symbol of a thought, the centre of a group of ideas, the utterance of a sacred language, the mystic record of an occult philosophy and cosmogony; and in the multiplication and combination of these detached monoliths we can trace the progress of columnar architecture through all its phases, from the rude cairn to the graceful colonnade; in fact, the Doric peristyle is only a revised edition of the Celtic cromlech.

The fundamental styles of architecture are very few; they can be counted on the fingers. By fundamental we mean founded on a single idea, to which all the details are subordinate. All other styles are secondary, inasmuch as they are formed from the union of two or more ideas, and are for the most part only adaptations of architecture to secular purposes, in which the symbolic significance is lost sight of; so that, according to the strict definition, they are not styles of architecture at all, but mere fashions of ornamental stone-masonry. These it is no profanation to put to secular uses: indeed, it is their proper office. On the contrary, there can be no greater incongruity than to bring any of the primary forms of architecture into juxtaposition with warehouses, railway-stations, or any of the associations of trade. What can be more absurd than an exchange for bulls and bears built in the Gothic style, a custom-house in the style of the Parthenon or a Greek cornice over the shop-window of a greengrocer! You might as reasonably transfer the miniature paintings of an old Italian missal to the pages of a ledger, or adorn the periphery of a millstone with the reliefs which Phidias sculptured on the sandals of Minerva.

The most prominent of these fundamental forms of architecture are the Oriental, the Grecian, and the Gothic. The first (of which Hindu and Egyptian may be taken as representatives) symbolizes *weight*; the second signifies *support*; the third expresses *ascension*. These three ideas graven in architecture correspond to the three mental stages of *sensuality*, *intellectuality* and *spirituality*; so that in each of the triad is reflected the

peculiar character of the religion and the civilization which produced it. There is no material form so suggestive of weight as the pyramid, or the cone, which is essentially the same. It is the form which all loose particles of solid matter on the surface of the earth assume under the action of the law of gravitation. The pyramid is the nucleus of all Egyptian architecture; the whole structure (cornice, doors, mouldings, even to the decorations) is composed of pyramids or segments of pyramids. The same form was given to the apex of the obelisk which stood in front of the temple, like a giant finger pointing to the sky for the key of its hieroglyphic mysteries. This sense of weight, massive and gloomy duration, is intensified by the narrowness of the intercolumniation. The pillars with bulging bases are set as thick as possible; it would seem as if only a mountain-chain of granite were a fit burden for them; yet there is in reality no immense superstructure requiring for its support such an excessive outlay of strength. It did not then spring from a material necessity, but was employed to express a fundamental idea. In what more concentrated formula could it be embodied than in these huge masses of the quarry, endowed with the sluggish life of the crocodile and the Nile-plant? We read the same thought in the features of that slowly living rock, the giant Sphinx, whose sad and peaceful eyes have watched the flitting of a hundred generations of men; in the colossal ruins of Persepolis; in the theocratic masonry of India, the vast excavated temples of Ellora and Elephanta, written over with mythological and allegorical sculpture, in which are represented the divine energies and attributes according to the Brahminical theology. In these structures, not less clearly than on the pages of the Veda, are inscribed caste, immobility, pantheism. They are the symbols of a being in whose immensity all personalities are merged, all human force and faculty are lost,—of a deity identified with the universe, whilst men

"Are but organic harps diversely framed  
That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps,  
Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze,  
At once the soul of each and God of all."

In Grecian architecture the column is the most conspicuous feature, and has a right to this prominence from the fact of its being the principal supporting member of the edifice. The wall, so far as it exists, serves only as a veil to the interior, and as to any office it performs in upholding the building, instead of resting on the basement it might as well have been suspended from the entablature. The elements of this style in its simple expression are the post and the lintel. They convey the idea, not of weight merely, but of weight well sustained; in other words, not gravitation, but the capability of resisting it. Without specifying, we may say that this idea enters into all parts of the structure: the elliptical flutings and the graceful curvature or entasis of the Doric shaft, the inward inclination of the axes of the outer columns, the gentle swell of the stylobate or basement, all carry out the fundamental idea of symmetrical and elastic strength. It is the symbol of serene and conscious power, the type of the Greek intellect, the embodiment of law and order as well as of grace and beauty, the highest expression of an ideal humanity. Compared with Oriental architecture, the Hellenic temple is an advance from the dark rock to the pure crystal, from the coal to the diamond, from the worship of nature to the deification of man.

The best representative of this style is the Doric Parthenon, erected about 437 B. C. on the site of the older temple which was burnt by the Persians. It was built wholly of Pentellic marble by the architects, Kallikrates and Ictinus, under the presiding genius of Phidias. Nothing could better express the fine balance of the Greek mind, and the quiet spirit of beauty that shed its influence over Grecian life, than the perfect symmetry of this fair house of columns. In its external history also is mirrored the history of the Hellenic race. For nine hundred years it stood on the sunny brow of the Acropolis, far above the daily turmoil of the lower city, a sublime and perpetual offering to the tutelary goddess of Athens. During the fifth century of our era it was transformed into a Christian church, and for more than a thousand years the Virgin Mary sat in the seat of the virgin Minerva. It then became a Turkish mosque, and remained consecrated to the service of Mohammed so long as the Greeks themselves were the slaves of the Moslem power. On the 28th of September, 1678, a shell was thrown into it by the Venetian general, the Count of Königsmark, who was besieging the citadel. The Turks had converted the temple into a powder magazine, which of course rendered the destruction of the edifice more complete. Since that day it has been plundered by every antiquarian adventurer, as Greece herself has been the prey of every nation. Now it stands a magnificent ruin, serving as a storehouse for the preservation of other ruins,—a fit image of the whole Grecian peninsula.

The fundamental idea of Gothic architecture is weight, not supported merely but annihilated. The constructive significance of the building centres in the keystone of the arch. By this means it is supported from above, the very downward pressure inherent in the masses upholds them, and the tall pile

"By its own weight stands steadfast and immovable";

the law of gravity is suspended or counteracted by vital force; the vaulted roof and storied arches seem hung in the air, and solid matter is endowed with the utmost lightness and aeriality. Thus the whole edifice expresses, not counterpoise, but ascension, aspiration,—spire, tower, buttress, clear-story, and pinnacle all rise to heaven, and indicate the spirituality of the worship to which they are devoted. This airy effect is increased by the numerous openings, lancet, trefoil, and rosette, which perforate the sides, transforming them into walls of many-colored windows. The cella of the Greek temple is small and extremely simple in ornamentation, but around it are open corridors richly adorned with statues and reliefs. Thus its beauty is wholly external. On the contrary, the inner walls of the Christian church are large and lofty, and the spaces covered with paintings and sculpture. The Greek architecture is clear, symmetrical, objective, and wonderful in unity, like a tragedy of Æschylus; the Gothic is the fruit of a fuller consciousness and a deeper spirituality, manifesting a more richly developed individuality, and unfolding in an infinite variety.

The Cathedrals of the Middle Ages are the embodiment of an ecclesiastical inspiration animating a whole people, and owe their origin to that excess of religious zeal which found another and wider outflow in the Crusades. From the fact that they rose like an exhalation over all Europe soon after the first Crusade, historians have endeavored to trace a connection between them and the East, and have rummaged the ruins of Persia

and India to find some evidence that the Oriental nations were acquainted with the use of the pointed arch. A little attention to the psychology of art would have prevented this error. Gothic architecture is connected with the Crusades only as an expression of the same spiritually enthusiasm.

[To be continued.]

### THE ITALIAN OPERA IN PARIS.

There were two growths of the last century whose influence has extended to our day, and become wide-spread,—one the French idea, and the other the Italian opera. I would not compare them for importance, and I have no wish to weigh the glory of the cavatina in the same balance with that magnificent march of mind which stirred up worlds and brought about the explosion of '89. It is only that these two things, so dissimilar in every respect, grew up and wrought their wonders at the same time, that I mention them together. There were intervals when the music of Italy drowned the philosophy of the Encyclopedists themselves; and coextensive with our critical and liberal spirit spread this marvel of Italy. It was the fashion for kings to become Voltairians and *dilettanti*; and nothing would do but they must have both the French *philosophe* and the Italian *maestri* at their courts. So it came about that not a capital nor first-class city but had its Italian opera. Its geographical empire has stretched from Moscow to Lisbon, from Dublin to Constantinople, in the Old World, and covered every part of the New. It is not only that its genuine productions are everywhere, but its influence permeates the German and French schools. *Guillaume Tell*, *Le Freyschütz*, *Les Huguenots*, *La Juive*, *La Muette*, are only Italy under another nationality. Weber and Meyerbeer as much at home among the Italians as farther north. However interpreters may be indispensable, and however imperfect the sweet tongue of the South may be in certain respects, it is still the one universal language in music.

In America they have the Italian opera alone. In Russia, in England, in Spain, it is still the Italian which predominates, notwithstanding the commendable success of their native muse. The country, however, which has produced the *Frey-schütz* has no occasion longer to envy the lyrical fruits of the land of Cimarosa and Rossini, nor to borrow from them. Still, we can see that in spite of the masterpieces of Weber, and the national fervor which he inaugurated, and Mendelssohn and Schumann continued, and Wagner transported almost to a certain terrorism,—in spite of this, the Italian opera has still preserved its rights at Vienna and Berlin. It would seem, indeed, as if Germany were glad to preserve the memory of the land beyond the mountains whence it derived its own impulse, for it can be shown how the whole dynasty of their great musicians,—Handel, Hasse, Mozart, Gluck, and Meyerbeer,—have all worked at the start in the lead of the Italian spirit and form.

In France, where the tragic and comic opera, long since perfected, have developed in accordance with our national traits in a manner quite different from the tradition of the Italians, it has nevertheless happened that we have given the foreign a firm position among our public

institutions. Not long since it received a subsidy from the state, and there are not a few among our artists and amateurs who pray that it might be given it still. The *Théâtre-Italien* has at least preserved the qualification of the Imperial favor, which it shares with the *Grand Opéra*, the *Opéra Comique*, the *Comédie-Française*, the *Odéon*, and the *Théâtre Lyrique*.

Its claims are ancient,—going back to those music representations which took place at Lyons in 1548, and which Brantôme, minutely describes as being totally unlike anything they had known in France. Since this first visit of the *Gelosi* (as they called the Italian drolls of the sixteenth century) repetitions of such events did much to incite a taste with us for the lyrical drama, and to stimulate our composers to exercise their skill in this department. I write of this thing carefully, for I do not wish to be confounded with the historians of music, who have flippantly asserted (and been believed) that our dramatic music sprang from a mere imitation of the Italian, since personal and national traits have stood in the way of this; and, however we may have borrowed the form in general, it has been essentially French work and French inspiration that have animated our creations. When, for example, we refer to the *Ballet Comique de la Reine*, organized in 1581 by Baltazarini, an attendant of Catherine de Medici, in imitation of the *Feste Teatrali* of Florence, we shall find that the poetry was that of La Chesnaye, and the music by the king's musicians, Claudin Lejeune, Salmon, and Beaulieu,—and this ballet was the constant model of all those that subsequently flourished under Henri IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV.

If we consider the very important influence of the Italians (brought hither by Mazarin) upon our own opera, we must still discover that the earliest French scores of Lambert and Lulli differed essentially from those of Rossi and Cavalli, and that our lyrical drama at the outset was carefully distinguished from the Italian. With that exception, we will cheerfully acknowledge that the presentations of *Euridice* and *La Finta Pazzo* supplied to our French poets and composers the idea of the opera.

It was precisely the same with the comic drama. Doubtless the first operas of the Italian drolls represented at Paris determined the vocation of Monsigny and Philidor; true it is that Grétry begun his studies in Italy, and that the translations of sundry Italian operettas marked a sensible advance in the style of composition and the taste of the masses; nevertheless, we must not forget that the comic opera existed with us before that Italian invasion of 1752, and that even afterwards all the masterpieces of this sort, like *Les Troqueurs*, *Rose et Colas*, *Tom Jones*, and even the *Devin du Village* of Rousseau (that ardent neophyte of the Italian school), showed less in common with the *Servant Padrona* than with *La Chércheuse d'Esprit* of Favart and the other little comedies of the Saint-Laurent Fair. Still, the Italian influence was a stimulant; and the result, if not imitation, was emulation,—and that is much better. This is, however, at variance with the awards of the historians generally. They hold the Italian school to have reached much nearer perfection than ours at that time, and gauge all our composer's merits by their slavish adaption to it, counting a departure from it a crime and any national character of no avail.

When we come down to Gluck, it could no longer be said that the type furnished by Pergoles and Tomelli was the only one. Their preponderating influence was set aside, or at least contested. Some years later, it was a German, Mozart himself who gave even the Italians the most beautiful of models; still later, Weber offered the world those masterpieces, which excelled in elevated conception and profundity of style even the growth of Italian suns, and became more worthy than such to be taken as subjects of study and admiration.

What is true of the works is also true of their interpreters. The school of Italian singing is admirable; and they have attained in it the ideal in a certain sense, but in that only. While admiring and studying it, our artists have been right in following another instinct and creating another taste. It is easily said that Lemaure, Sophie Arnoud, and Saint Hubert sing badly; but when *La Servante Maitresse* of Pergoles was played at Paris alternately in Italian and French, and the *role* passed from La Tenelli to Mme. Favart, there may have been a loss of conventional skill, but there was no diminution of spirit, nature, or grace. According as we approach our time, the prepossession becomes less marked. It must be granted that Mme. Branchu, the sublime interpreter of Gluck, and Garat, the head professor of our *Conservatoire*, could well equal the Raffanelli and the Grassini, and that the late M. Martin has some merit in his line. During the Restoration, the Italian school flourished indeed supreme. Paris had the joyful privilege of such an assembly of singers as had never before been known, and probably never will be again. At the same time a repository of an order at least equal begun to grow up at the *Opéra Français*, and it was Rossini which was laying its corner-stone; and there were singers too of our own, like Nourrit and Mme. Falcon, who were able to sustain the honor of the French name.

It is said that Duprez came from Italy transformed. The fact is notorious; but it is rather a laughable commentary, that he came back less an Italian than he went. He brought back a style, taste, and dramatic sentiment totally at variance with that which Rubini has shone in with equal but not superior talent. By a singular chance, too, the *Opéra* and the *Conservatoire* began the education of Mario, who so soon relapsed into his own national style and became the most Italian of tenors. This kind of exchanges among the school is multiplying yearly, and to-day it has become a matter of course. How many German and French artists have passed to the Italian stage! and it would be a difficult matter to say on which side is the greater obligation.

We are not very partial to this sort of communion, which risks the confusing of style, taste, and talent. In spite of brilliant exceptions, we still of the opinion that the music of a country has a better chance of being written and executed by the national artists, and that by no other means can we hope to reach an ideal excellence. It is a principle that we hardly dare stand by, because it is at variance with the customs and tendencies of our time. There will come a day, however, when we may weary of this confusion of tongues,—this musical Babel. For the present there is no longer need of saying more of the Italian school of singers; and in saying it,